

The Way to a Man's Heart: Donuts by **TheCharleeMonstah**

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Characters: Callahan (Stranger Things), Florence "Flo" (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Powell (Stranger Things), Reader, You

Relationships: Jim "Chief" Hopper/Original Female Character(s), Jim "Chief" Hopper/You

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Summary:

anon asked: Can I request a Hopper imagine where the reader is very shy and loves baking?

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Your little Gypsy had been missing for a few days and you were about to give up on ever finding your lost kitty when someone rang the doorbell at your little house in Hawkins. “Coming!!” you shouted, setting down the mixing bowl. Baking was really the only way you could keep yourself sane in this or any situation.

You got to the door and opened it to find Gypsy staring you in the face from the arms of a tall, scruffy looking cop. “Oh!! Gypsy!!” you grabbed your precious child from the cop’s arms before even greeting him. When you looked up you noticed it was the Chief of Hawkins PD, the one you had hear everyone talking about how he saved a little boy last year who went missing. “Ah-hi... Th-thank you so much, Chief.”

“Not a problem, miss,” he said, half smiling, “Found her roaming around the junkyard just now, figured I would come deliver her myself.”

You couldn't help but notice how ruggedly handsome he was when he smiled down at you and you suddenly realised that you were wearing your apron covered in flour and batter.

“Something smells amazing in here, if I might say... Y/N, was it?” He said, crossing his....big... strong arms, oh no.

“Y-yes, thank you..Ch-chief, I really must be going now, but thank you...thanks,” before he could say anything else you shut the door on him and locked it. Oh god, what was wrong with you, you are a mess and you can’t even talk straight around anyone let alone an

attractive man in uniform. “Ugh, I’m such a dork...”

When Hopper got back to his Blazer, Powell was waiting patiently to laugh at him, “She shut that damn door right in your face, Chief, the hell did you say to her?”

“Nothing,” He sighed, “She was just worked up about the cat I guess.”

“She was mighty cute though, Chief... Could see her blushin’ from here. Think you spooked her with your steely blue eyes and those-”

“Shut up, Powell”

The next day, you felt bad about shutting the door in the Chief’s face. More like, embarrassed beyond reason, especially given that you looked like a total slob. You decided to bake something, as you usually did, but this time as an apology, thank you gift. Gypsy rubbed against your legs in the kitchen as you thumbed through your favorite book or recipes.

“What do you think, Gypsy,” you asked the cat, “Cookies? No, too overdone... maybe cupcakes? Hmm, no he’s not 12... Is it too presumptuous to make a cop donuts?”

Gypsy mewled from the floor and hopped up into the kitchen sink.

“Yeah, you’re right... my donut recipe is better than any donut shop treats these people have ever tasted.” You picked out your best donut recipe and got right to work.

“Hop,” Flo yelled as she opened the door to his office.

“Yes, come in Flo,” He said, exhaling a puff of smoke and lifting his eyes up from paperwork.

“A young woman came in and left these for you, but I don't think you need them all so I'm putting them out in the front.” The second Hopper noticed what it was, he hopped up from his seat and ran her down.

“Hey!! She said they were for me? Gimme those,” he yanked the box away from her, running his ass back in his office.

“HOP!! YOU CAN'T EAT ALL THOSE DONUTS BY YOURSELF!!! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR DIET!?”

“I'M BUSY FLO, DON'T,” she pushed the door to his office against him trying to shut it, how was this woman so strong, “FLO!! LEAVE ME ALONE!!” Finally he managed to get the door shut and locked.

“I'M NOT CALLING THE AMBULANCE WHEN YOU HAVE A HEART ATTACK, HOP!” He heard her walk away and he returned to his desk, opening the box with stars in his eyes. Inside he found 6

beautiful rings of dough, glazed in sugary wonder. Taped to the inside of the box was a little pink note.

“Sorry about last night, my nerves get the most of me sometimes. Thank you so much for finding my little Gypsy.” Signed, Y/N.

Hop smirked, placing the letter in his desk and taking a bite of one of the donuts. His eyes widened and he rose from his seat, grabbing 2 more and heading out of his office with his jacket and hat.

“Where the hell you going, chief?” Callahan asked.

“I think I’m in love, boys,” grabbing his keys from Flo, he bolted out the door to his Blazer. Taking off on the road towards your house.

The doorbell rang and this time you checked to make sure you didn't look like a horrible mess. Making sure Gypsy couldn't bolt out this time, you opened the door a crack to find the Chief gazing down at you with joy slapped all over his face, one of your donuts in his hand.

“H-hello, chief...” you stuttered, “C-can I help you? Is...something wrong?”

“Oh, far from it, Y/N,” he laughed, “You made these?”

You reluctantly let the man in your house, shutting the door after

him. "I did, I... Well, I felt bad about shutting the door on you last night after you saved my baby and..."

"Oh, you are forgiven," he chuckled again, grinning from ear to ear. He seemed a little flustered as he looked you up and down and...was that blush forming in his cheeks? "These are... fucking fantastic... and I hope this isn't too brash but, life's too short, so fuck it... would you want to go get coffee? I don't need to be back at the station for a while, I've only got paperwork and my radio is on so..If something happens I... sorry, I guess I'm not as smooth as I used to be."

You smiled, blushing like a tomato, "Y-es..." you said softly, "I'd love to, Chief."

"Call me Jim," he said, still smiling at you. You followed him to the Blazer and climbed up in the passenger seat, buckling your seatbelt as he pulled out of your driveway and headed off towards his favorite coffee joint.